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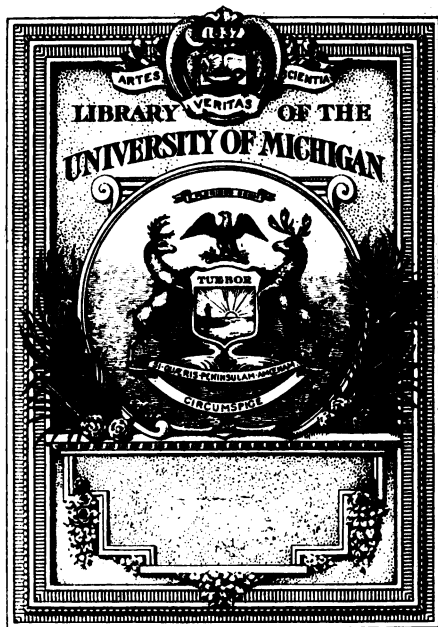
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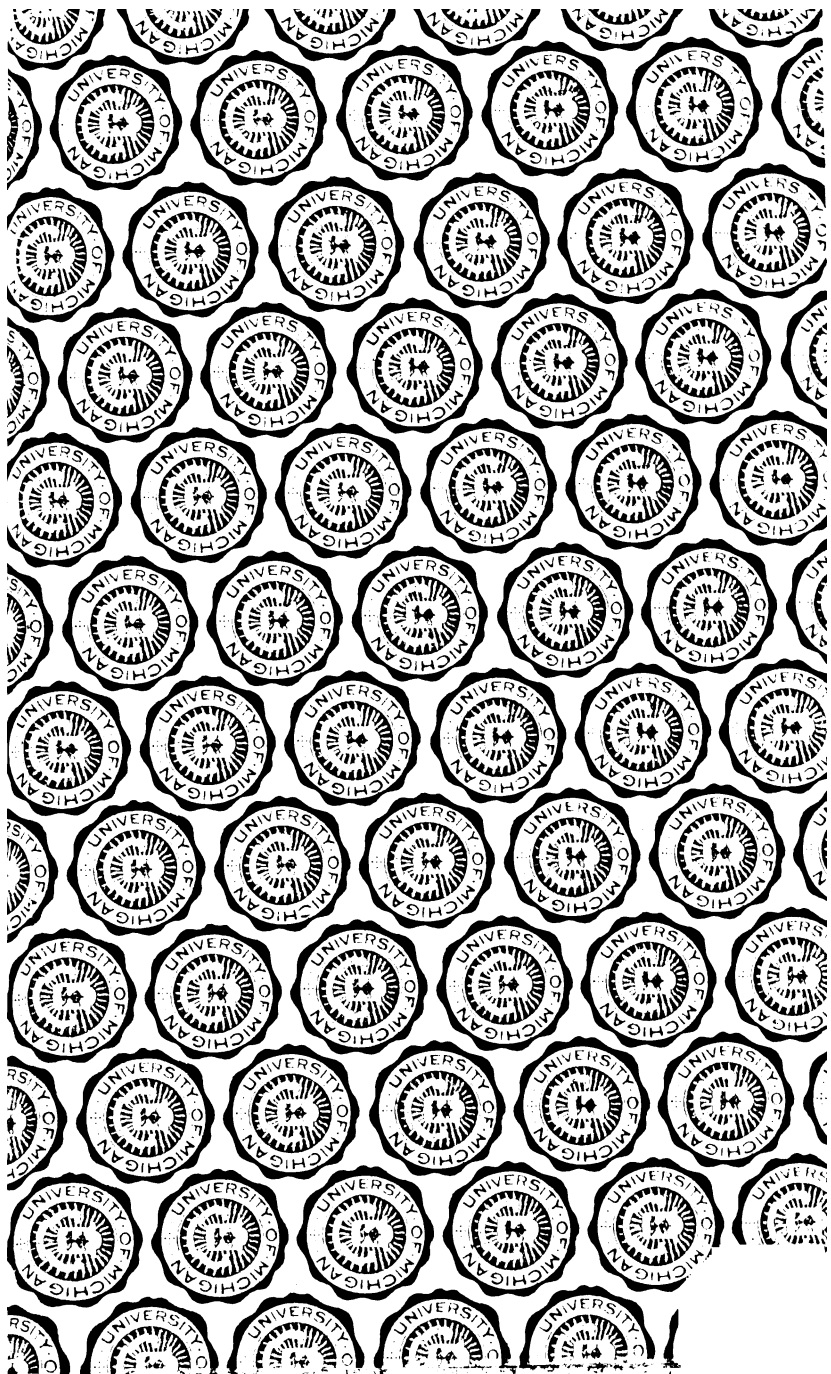
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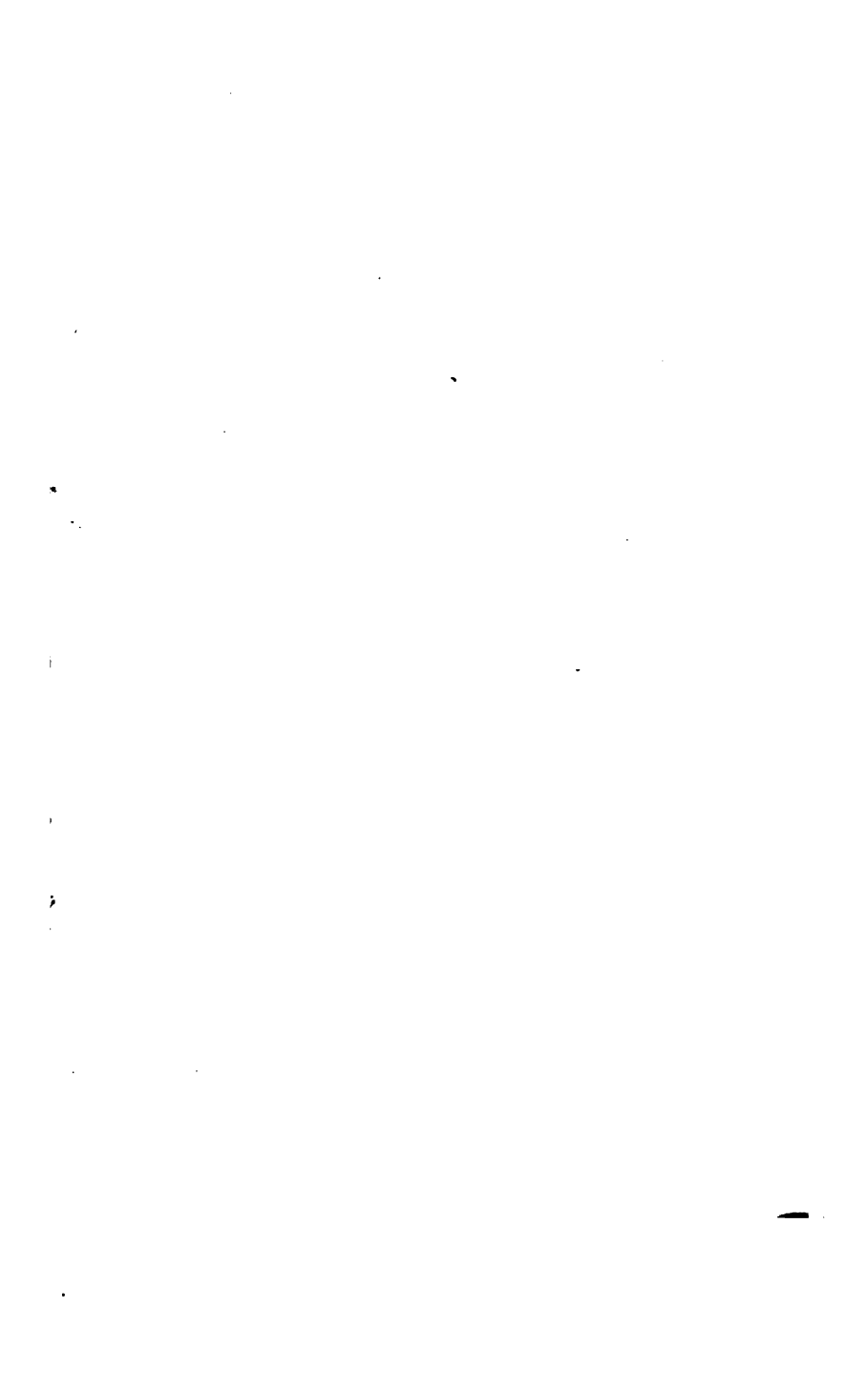
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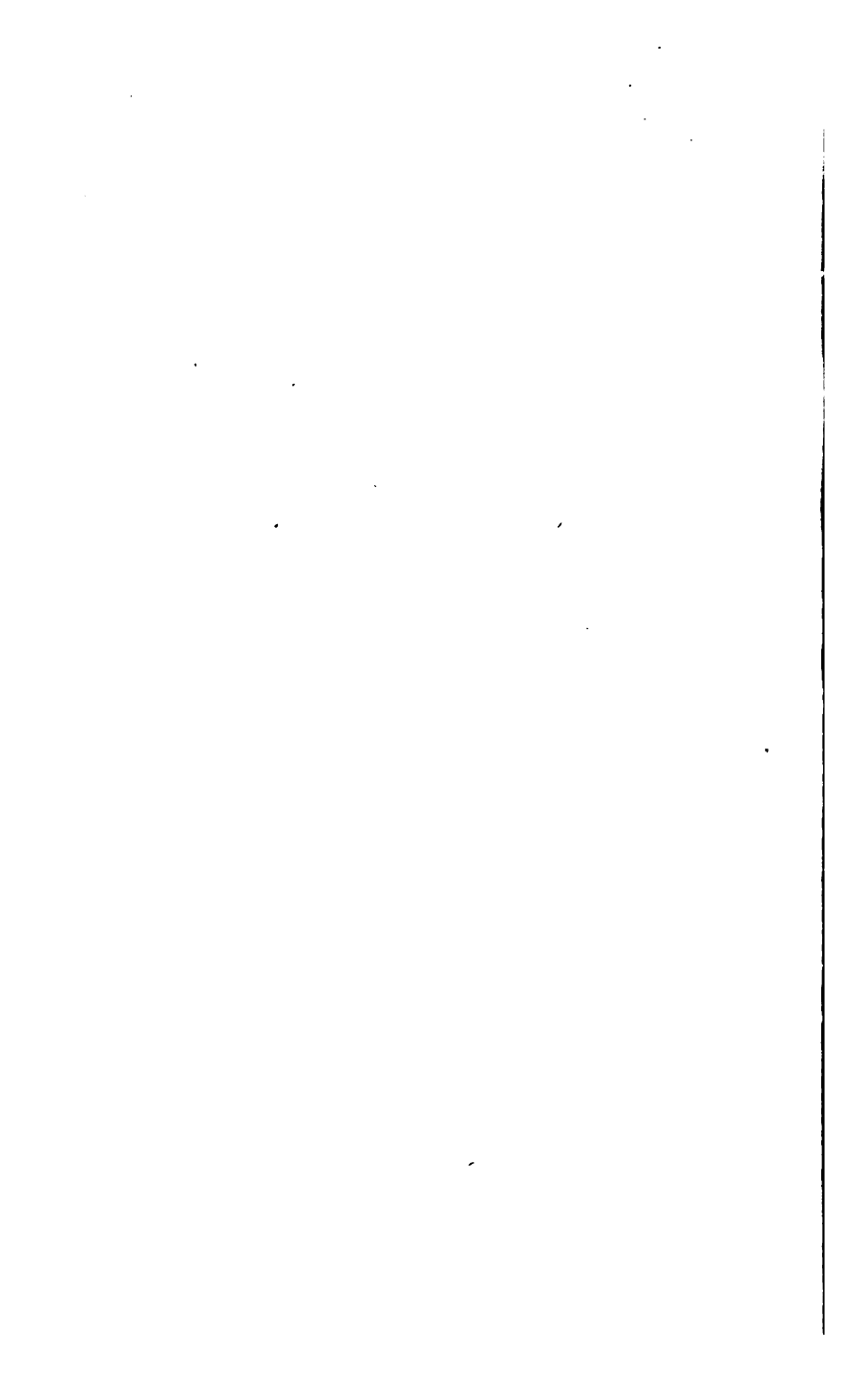
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1732

THE

148

PER-JUROR:

O R,

The Country Justice.

A

F A R C E.

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Bullock, Christopher

T H E

PER-JUROR:

O R,

The Country Justice.

A

F A R C E.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL  
in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

With General Applause.

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*Si Populus vult decipi, decipiatur.*

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Now Re-printed on the Occasion of the  
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L O N D O N :

Printed for W. MEARS, at the *Lamb* in the  
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THE

# PREFACE.

I Find my self under a Necessity of troubling my Readers with a *Preface*, by Reason of a Report which has gone through the Town, very much to my Disadvantage, *to wit*, that I had calculated this *PARCE* purely to affront and expose a particular Gentleman; which is so far from my Intention, that I ever thought there was nothing more disingenuous in *Drammatic Writings*, than Reflections on particular *Persons*: 'Tis an Indiscretion I would not be thought guilty of; especially to affront the Gentleman whom some ill-natur'd Persons have unjustly fix'd the *Satyr* upon, and for whom I always had a very great Respect.

No doubt there have been, and may be Persons, who, like the *Justice* in the *PARCE*, abuse their Commissions; and it has ever been a Privilege peculiar to the Stage, to detect Vice in every Shape; and I think the most effectual Way of suppressing it, is to make it *ridiculous*.

*Satyr*

## The PREFACE

*Satyr* is undoubtedly a very useful Wit, and particularly in the *Drama*; for that the principal End of it is to instruct the People by discrediting Vice, and may therefore be of great Advantage to a *State*, when taught to keep within its Bounds: But if *Satyr* once throw off the *Mask*, and reprehends Vice too openly, as by reflecting on *Persons*, I own it is not to be allow'd of.

*When Shakespear, Johnson, Fletcher, rul'd  
the Stage,*

*They took so hold a Freedom with the Age,  
That there was scarce a Knave or Fool in  
Town,*

*Of any Note, but had his Picture shewn;  
And (without doubt) tho' some it may offend,  
Nothing helps more than Satyr to amend  
Ill Manners, or is trulier Virtue's Friend.*  
*Princes may Laws ordain, Priests gravely  
preach,  
But Poets most successfully will Teach.*

ROCHESTER.

# PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. SPILLER.

So! — How do you do, good People?

**W**ELL, — I'm gladd that any Thing  
will bring you;  
Tho', Faith, we've nothing but a Name to  
win you.

All you that come, expecting Party-Wit,  
As sure as you're alive now, — you are all bit.  
No doubt your Expectations all were big,  
That this Per-juror was a furious Whig,  
A Wolf disguis'd, some sham Religious  
Preacher,

A Tea-and-ney Friend, or Anabaptist Teacher;  
No, — Politicks we cautiously disclaim;  
Who'd with fresh Fuel feed a dying Flame?  
We scorn a Shelter from that stale Pretence,  
To screen with Party-Rage our Want of  
Sense;

Our Author lashes not a Whig or Tory,  
But common Vices in a fictitious Story;  
And I my self am thought a Subject fit  
For Farce, (You know that needs but little  
Wit)

In these short Scenes my Character is shown:  
Tho' that, you'll say, already's too well known:  
But for our Farce, yet hold, I will not say't,  
It wou'd be Rashness to anticipate;

No — let it rather wait, and stand the Test,  
Think on the Title, — and you'll find the  
Jest.

Drammatis

# *Dramatis Personæ.*

## M E N.

*Justice Bind-over*, a Country Justice. } *Mr. C. Bullock.*

*Thorough-pace*, a Constable, }  
and a Creature of the Justice's. } *Mr. H. Bullock.*

*Bellmour*, a Country Gentleman. } *Mr. Williams.*

*Spoilem*, }  
*Merry-Andrew*, } *Actors,* } *Mr. Spiller.*  
*Joseph Idle*, } *Mr. Scot.*  
Clerk. } *Mr. Eggleton.*  
          } *Mr. Griffin.*

## W O M E N.

*Isabella*,  
Actress,

*Mrs. Robertson.*  
*Mrs. Finch.*

*Barns*, Servant to the Justice.

## S C E N E

A Mob, a Country Market-Town.

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T H E

P E R - J U R O R .

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S C E N E I.

*Enter Bellmour and Thorough-pace.*

B E L L M O U R .

**W**ELL, Mr. *Thorough-pace*, thus far you have managed Matters like a Statesman; and on the Success of this Project my future Happiness depends: For what is Life without my *Isabella*?

*Thor.* And what is Life, say I, without Money? That's the *Axis* on which the whole World turns, the Deity to which all Men sacrifice; some their Honours, Re-  
B
putation,

putation, Families, Relations, nay, Wives and Daughters, Countries and Religions: In short, Sir, I am wise, and know there is no Crime like Poverty. — You love *Isabella*; I like five hundred Guineas better, which you have promis'd me, if I carry my Point; and what signifies a little Perjury? — There's many an honest Man keeps a Wife and Family by it.

*Bell.* But did the Justice readily grant you a Warrant?

*Thor.* At the first Word, Sir; why 'tis bringing Grist to his own Mill: — Ay, you don't know what a good Trade a Justice o'th' Peace is, at least as this old Fellow makes it.

*Bell.* A cunning Knave this!

*Thor.* If you please, I will in a short Digression lay open to you the whole Mystery of Iniquity: It won't interrupt our Business.

*Bell.* With all my Heart, Mr. *Thoroughpace*.

*Thor.* You must know, here is an old Fellow, qualified with ill Nature and Avarice, by the Help of a little Money, and some Interest, gets into the Commission: He entertains a Clerk, some broken Attorney, (for they make the best Clerks;) he consequently has more Sense than the Justice, at least more Law; and for their Honesty



## The Per-Juror.

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neſty they are generally upon a Par. The Fees are divided into four Parts: The Juſtice has two, the Clerk one, and the Favourite Conſtable the other.

*Bell.* Very well.

*Thor* Beſides which, the Juſtice, out of his own Dividend, allows twenty Shillings a Week to a Couple of *Finders*, (which are vulgarly called *Informer's*.) and a handſome Treat now and then to the Watchmen, for knocking Gentlemen down in the Streets, and ſwearing Riots againſt em the next Morning.

*Bell.* But this is a moſt villainous Way of getting Money.

*Thor.* I don't know, Maſter; but every Man is willing to make the beſt of his Place: We inferior Magiſtrates can plead both great and ancient Examples; every Man muſt have his Share of Profit; the Commonwealth is a great Machine, compoſed of many great and ſmall Wheels, and every one muſt be greaſed. Why, Sir, here is this old Juſtice *Bind-over*, if he had fifty in Family, it would not coſt him Two-pence all the Year for Bread and Meat.

*Bell.* No! how is that poſſible?

*Thor.* Why, *Sunday* Morning is his Market-Day; when he never fails to take from Butchers, Bakers, and Poulterers;

B 2

who

who venture to sell to poor Workmen, that can't buy on a *Saturday* Night, Beef, Bread, and Fowl, enough to maintain his House the ensuing Week.

*Bell.* What a wicked Caitiff must this be ! I suppose he'll be very severe upon these poor Actors.

*Thor.* Oh ! he always had an Aversion to *Players*, and is glad of any Opportunity to express his Resentment. — But 'tis Time now to put my Warrant in Execution against them.

*Bell.* Well, I have my License in my Pocket, and the Habits are prepared for the Parson and my self ; we'll put 'em on immediately, and then get among the *Actors* ; but be sure don't you fail to seize us among the rest.

*Thor.* I warrant you ; and swear against you too among the rest.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE Changes : Enter Justice Bindover, and Isabella.

*Just.* Look ye, Sweetheart, I would advise you not to reject my Love ; Consider your Father left you to my Care, and your Fortune is at my Disposal.

*Isab.*

*Isab.* But my Heart is at my own, and I'm resolv'd never to part with my Hand without it.

*Just.* And I am resolv'd never to part with your Fortune, unless you give both Heart and Hand to me.

*Isab.* Come, come, old Guardian, 'tis in my Power to deceive you: Necessity may perhaps oblige me to give you my Hand, but depend on't, you'll never have my Heart: Tho' perhaps I may flatter you into a Belief that you have; nay, upon Consideration, I don't know but I may consent to Marry you; for then I am sure 'twill be in my Power to break your Heart in a Month; and then my Person and my Fortune will both be in my Disposat.

*Just.* This is talking at Random: I am sure you are not the Person you wou'd have me take you to be.

*Isab.* Indeed I am; tho' I am sure you are not the Person you wou'd have me take you to be.

*Just.* We shou'd make a very happy Couple.

*Isab.* Good Guardian, have the Fear of Cuckoldom before your Eyes, and think no more of Matrimony: — 'Tis ridiculous in you to think of taking a great House, when you have not wherewithal to furnish it; — and a fine Tenement won't stand empty.

empty very long in this populous City :  
In short, Guardian, I have set my Heart  
upon a young Man ; and will make use of  
the first Opportunity to run away with him ;  
and so, your humble Servant. [Exit.

*Just.* Oh ! your Servant *Mrs. Wagtail* :  
Od ! these Girls have strange Notions in  
their Heads : *Culpepper's* Midwifery, and  
*Aristotle's* Problems, have spoil'd half  
the young Women in Town : They are  
skill'd in the *Theory* at Twelve Years old ;  
and then run mad for the *Practical* Part :  
— Oh ! here comes *Mittimus* my Clerk.

*Enter the Clerk.*

So, *Mittimus*, did you tell *Thorough-pace*  
to bring the Players directly away to  
me ?

*Clerk.* I did, an't shall please your Wor-  
ship ; and he'll obey your Worship's Com-  
mands to a Title.

*Just.* And so he ought ; for he owes  
all he's worth to me : I rais'd him first from  
a common *Evidence*, and ordinary *Perju-  
rator*, and paltry *Informer*, to a petty Con-  
stable ; and finding him well qualify'd,  
have given him due Encouragement :—  
Now, *Mittimus*, lay before me the *Statutes*  
against *Vagabonds*, that I may read 'em  
over before these Players come : I'll Play-  
ers 'em ! I'll see what Power they have to  
Act

# The Per-Juror.

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Act in my Jurisdiction! I'll rout 'em out of this Town, I'm resolv'd!

*Clerk.* The Statutes are upon the Table, Sir.

*Just.* Now, tell the Cook to boil the Leg of Mutton I took from the Butcher last Sunday Morning, and to put the Beef in Salt against next Week; and let the Cabbages be boil'd that I took from the Herb-Woman over the Way; and the two Loaves that were taken from *Brand* the Baker; (that's a sad Rogue, I have a Spight against him, and *Thorough-pace* shall swear a Riot against him the next Bonfire Night;) let them be made into a Pudding.

*Clerk.* Yes, Sir, *[Exit.]*

*Just.* I'll teach them to sell Things on a Sunday, I will! a Pack of prophane Wretches, that have no Respect to the Sabbath! and yet I hope they won't have the Grace to leave it off.

*Enter the Clerk.*

*Clerk.* Sir, there's one Goodman *Conscience* desires to speak with your Worship.

*Just.* Pho! I am not at leisure now:—Hold—stay,—Goodman *Conscience*!—Let me see:—I have heard of such a one:—Goodman *Conscience*!—He can't live in the City;—and I am sure I know no such one at the other End of the Town.

*Clerk.*

*Clerk.* No, Sir ; he looks as if he lived in the Country ; he's very Poor and Shabby.

*Just.* Goodman *Conscience* ! — He can't be an Attorney ; — is he a Parson ?

*Clerk.* I don't know but he may ; — but he does not wear a Gown.

*Just.* Odso ! now I call it to Mind, I had such an Acquaintance formerly, — but its a great while ago : — Goodman *Conscience* ! — Ay, ay, — but I have had no Acquaintance with him since I was sworn into the Commission ; nor, to tell you the Truth, don't desire it : — He's a troublesome Fellow, that same *Conscience* is, and I must put him off.

*Clerk.* Won't your Worship speak with him then ?

*Just.* No, Sirrah, I won't have any Thing to say to him : — Go Sirrah, go tell this Fellow, this same *Conscience*, I am not at Leisure to speak with him, I am busy about State-Affairs, — I am reading the Statutes : — And, do you hear ? if ever *Conscience* comes again, tell him I am not at Home. — Hold, Sirrah, you are going away with half your Errand : — Be sure you never send him after me to *Change-Alley*.

*Clerk.* No, no, Sir, I believe he does not know the Way thither.

*Just.*

*Just.* Hark ye, *Mittimus*, you may tell Goodman *Conscience* I have no Business for him myself; but I would have him go to *Westminster* next Term; for there will be some Lawyers there, who I know will want him very much.

*Enter Thorough-pace, with several Players in their Habits; Bellmour drest like a Player, with him a Parson in a Frier's Habit.*

*Thor.* Make way, make way there:--- May it please your Worship, according to your Worship's Commands, I have serv'd your Warrant upon these Players, whom I took in the very Breach of the Law, acting prophane Interludes.

*Just.* 'Tis very well: You have done your Duty, Mr. *Thorough pace*. Hark you, — a Word in your Ear. [*They whisper.*]

*Enter Isabella.*

*Bell.* Now, my Dear *Isabella*, this is the Crisis of my Fate: I have made use of this Stratagem to obtain thee: This Gentleman is in Orders; whom I have brought hither to do us the good Office: Let us take this Opportunity of retiring out of the Crowd into another Room, and put it out of Fortune's Power ever to cross us more.

C.

*Isab.*

*Isab.* Follow me this Moment.

[*Ex. Isab. Bell. and Frier.*

*Thar.* Yes, yes, and please you, I'll swear as much as your Worship thinks fit against them: You know, Sir, I was never backward of serving Your Worship upon any Occasion.—But what would you be pleased to have me swear?

*Just.* Oh, you need no Instruction, Mr. *Thorough-pace*; — swear as you do upon common Occasions,— what comes uppermost: I only desire to bind 'em over; I shall be satisfied with my Fees, and five Pieces afterwards to stifle the Indictment. Come, set the Prisoners before me. —

Well, Gentlesfolks, how comes it, that notwithstanding the late Act against Vagrancy and Actors of Interludes, you dare, in Contempt of the Law, exhibit your prophane Drolls, ha?

*Spoil.* May it please your Worship, it has been a Custom for many Years to act in this Place at this Time o'th' Year.

*Just.* I don't value the Custom; *Malus usus abolendus erit*, and the Actors punish'd: I am for a thorough Reformation, and with the Zeal of an upright Magistrate will pursue it: I lock up my own Cat every *Saturday* Night, lest she shou'd break the Law, and catch Mice on a *Sunday*: I will scourge Vice out of my Jurisdiction; I have ferretted every



every Hole, Crack, and Cranny in the Parish, that Vice could but put its Head into.

*Thor.* Ay, his Worship is a notable Man at a Bawdy-House.

*Just.* Right, Mr. *Thorough-pace* : There is not a Bawdy-House in the Parish, that I am not acquainted with ; I visit 'em twice or thrice a Week at least : Let me alone for Lewdness : If there be a Whore more than ordinary in the Parish, I presently scent her out, I warrant you.

*Thor.* Ay, his Worship has a special Nose that Way.

*Just.* Ay, ay, Mr. *Thorough-pace*, let me alone with the lewd Women : I love to have the handling of them my self ; I never fail to tickle 'em off. — But come, Mr. *Thorough-pace*, bring that Fellow in the patch'd Coat before me. — Well, what is your Name ?

*Spoil.* *James Spoilem* : I am Master of the Company, and all these are my Servants.

*Just.* What do you act in this Play ?

*Spoil.* A Fool, and like your Worship.

*Just.* A Fool ? Well, but what do you say in this Play ?

*Spoil.* Say ? — Why, I say abundance of silly Things, and like your Worship, and make People laugh at me.

*Just.* Well, and what are you ?

*Spoil.* What am I? Why, I am a Gentleman, and a comical Dog, if you did but know me.

*Just.* What Religion are you of?

*Spoil.* Religion! — Hum! — Why truly I have not fix'd upon any yet, nor I believe shan't, till the Times are settled.

*Just.* Where do you live?

*Spoil.* Live? I don't live any where, not I.

*Just.* What Parish are you of?

*Spoil.* No Parish at all. — Look'e, I desire your Worship would not ask me many Questions about my self; for I don't know any Man in the World that I know so little of. I have been very unaccountable a great while: The best Account I can give of my self, is this: I love every Body but my self and a Bailiff; and I hate him for his *Actions*. I never lie three Times in one Bed, unless I am lock'd in the Room; and have no constant Lodging, but the *Round-house*.

*Just.* Mr. *Thorough-pace*, have an Eye to this Man, I don't care to trust him.

*Spoil.* No, nor no Body else that knows me.

*Just.* A very pretty Relation, truly! — Well, Mr. *Thorough-pace*, what have you to swear against this Person?

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*Thor.* Why, an't please your Worship, I saw this Man fly away with the Devil.

*Spoil.* You lye: The Devil flew away with me; as he will with you, if you don't learn to speak Truth: But I don't believe he'll be so civil to you, as he was to me; for he brought me back again.

*Just.* Do you know, Mr. *Spoilem*, that there is a Popish Canon which says, *Excommunicatio Theatrica*?

*Spoil.* This Justice is certainly a Fool for speaking *Latin* to me; and I believe he knows as little of it as I do: Egad I'll speak to him again.—Your Worship says right, there is such a Canon; but then you are to consider it is a *Popish* Canon; and that signifies no more in this Case than a Pot-Gun; besides, the Statute Law says, *Non est Justicius Excommunicatio Actoris Domine*.

*Just.* You say right, Mr. *Spoilem*, I understand you.

*Spoil.* Egad, it's more than any Body else does: Faith, I thought this Justice was an Old Woman.

*Just.* I remember, Mr. *Spoilem*, a parallel Case diametrically opposite to this, touching one *Touching*, a Fellow who was observ'd to write a Paper called the *Observer*: But, now I think of it, I have forgot it.

*Thor.*

*The Per-Juror.*

*Thor.* But, may it please your Worship, this Man swore as I brought him along.

*Just.* How! did you swear, Sir?

*Spoil.* Hum;—swear? Why truly, I don't know any Man in the Company was likelier to swear than my self.

*Thor.* Indeed he swore, I'll take my Oath of it: Give me the Book.

*Spoil.* Ay, ay, give him the Book: He's an honest Fellow, I perceive, and will swear any Thing.

*Just.* Well, Sir, you must pay a Shilling.

*Spoil.* But one Shilling? Why, Sir, I am a Gentleman.

*Just.* Then you must pay two.

*Spoil.* There they are; and now I am a clear Man

*Just.* Clerk, write down *James Spoilem* two Shillings for an Oath.

*Spoil.* Hold, Mr. *Goose-quill*, pray write *James Spoilem Gent.* — *Gent.* — d'you see, — *James Spoilem Gent.* — I have paid a Shilling extraordinary for that.

*Just.* Stand you by. Now, Sir, what are you?

*Merr.* I am a Merry-Andrew, and like your Worship.

*Just.* Where do you live?

*Merr.* In *Duke's Place*.

*Just.* Where is that?

*Merr.* Just by a Street.

*Just.*

## *The Per-Juror.* 23

*Just.* Just by a Street? But in what Parish do you live?

*Merr.* In *Duke's Place*.

*Just.* Why, what Church do you go to?

*Merr.* I never go to Church, Sir.

*Just.* O terrible! he's a *Papist*, I warrant.

*Merr.* No, I am a *Jew*, and like your Worship.

*Just.* A *Jew*? Oh, that's well! — A *Jew*? — Truly, I was afraid he had been a *Papist*. A *Jew*: — Well, and what is your Christian Name, Friend?

*Merr.* Sir, I have no Christian Name; I am called *Mordecai*.

*Just.* Stand you by. Now, Woman, what is your Name?

*Player.* *Joseph Idle*, and please your Worship.

*Just.* How! *Joseph*? Why, Woman, that's a Man's Name.

*Thor.* May it please your Worship, this is a Man drest in Women's Cloaths.

*Just.* O prophane! prophane! A Man in Woman's Cloaths? Why, how shall we know the Men from the Women at this Rate? This is very prophane! — Well, set the other before me. — Well, good Woman, are you a Man too?

*Actress.* Do I look like a Man, an't please your Worship?

*Just.*

*Just.* Nay, marry, there is no finding you out by the Looks at this Rate : Let me see my Spectacles. — Hum ! I profess, a pretty Woman, a very pretty Woman. Stoop a little : — A fine Breast ! — ah ! ah ! — Let me feel of your Hand — ah ! ah !

*Actr.* Your Worship squeezes me too hard.

*Just.* Her Hand is none of the softest ; I believe she has been a Clear-Starcher. Why, what pity 'tis you should be among such a Set of People : I profess, my Bowels yearn for thee, to think of thy wicked Profession. — Look'e now, if she does not blush ! — Well, 'tis pity to expose her before the Crowd ; she has some Modesty, and I will endeavour to convert her. Mr. *Thorough-pace*, conduct the Gentlewoman into my Drawing-Room, I will examine her by my self.

[*Exit Thor. and Actr.*]

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* May it please your Worship, Mr. *Catchem* the Constable has brought a lewd Woman to be examined before your Worship.

*Just.* Is she a young Woman ?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir.

*Just.*

# The Per-Juror.

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*Just.* Then I will go and examine her in my Closet. *[Exit.*

*[Spoilem gets into the Justice's Chair, and speaks three Lines of Cato.]*

“ Fathers, we once again are met in  
“ Council;

“ *Cæsar's* Approach has summon'd us to-  
“ gether,

“ And *Rome* attends her Fate from our  
“ Resolves.

*Clerk.* Ah, Mr. *Spoilem*, you are a co-  
mical Man; I know you very well.

*Spoil.* Do you indeed? Well; — and  
ha, — what are you, a Man, or a shotten  
Herring?

*Clerk.* I am one of the Justice's Clerks,  
as simple as I stand here. Lord! I had once  
a great Mind to be an Actor my self; I  
could speak Speeches very well.

*Spoil.* Could you really; Why, we want  
handsome young Players, and I'll help you  
into the House.

*Clerk.* Can you indeed? — Well! I  
vow and swear I'd give any Thing to be a  
Player. — But can you help me into the  
House?

*Spoil.* Yes, yes; Why I teach all the  
young Actors my self. Have you a mind to  
be in the House?

D

*Clerk.*

*Clerk.* Yes, indeed have I, if you'll get me in.

*Spoil.* That I will; but you must give me Ten Shillings Entrance.

*Clerk.* Ay, that I will with all my Heart: There is the Money.

*Spoil.* Well; what are you for? *Tragedy* or *Comedy*?

*Clerk.* O Genteel Comedy! a soft Lover! or a Hero now! such as *Alexander*, *Oroonoko*, or *Hannibal*!

*Spoil.* Nay, you are too handsome to play low Comedy.— Well, now I must hear you speak a Speech in Tragedy.

*Clerk.* “ Conquest with Laurels did my  
“ Arms adorn.

*Spoil.* Hold; get o' Top o' the Table, and sepak it there, then every Body will see you. *[Instructs him how to speak.]*

Very well! now you shall hear me speak.

*[Speaks some Lines out of Alexander burlesqu'd.]*

“ Thus *Newgate*, when in Prospect, bars  
“ the Eye,  
“ Which, pleas'd and free, wou'd over  
“ *Snow-Hill* flie,  
“ To *Holborn-Hill*, or any Hill as high.

“ Fare-



## *The Per-Juror.* 27

" Farewell then Wenching, and the Jokes  
" of Love,

" By all the Gods, I'll to the Tavern  
" move,

" Call for the best, and pay my Money  
" down,

" And quite forget that e'er I scor'd a  
" Crown.

*Enter Justice and Thorough-pace.*

*Just.* Well, Mr. *Thorough-pace*, let me have your Deposition, and I'll bind 'em all over together. [Reads.]

The Depositions of *John Fig* Grocer, in the Parish of *Gotham*, and *Nehemiah Thorough-pace*, Constable, in the said Parish, depose before the Worshipful Justice *Bind-over*, That hearing of prophane and unlawful Practices committed in the abovesaid Parish of *Gotham*, by acting of Drolls and Interludes, they were moved, by the Love they bear to Virtue and Piety, to go and suppress the Acting thereof: And these Deponents swear, That going into the Stable where they acted, they saw *James Spoilem* fly away with the Devil — O sad! *Joseph Idle* sing in Womens Apparel: *Mary Greensick* play a Virtuous Maid. — I think she ought to be sent to the Workhouse. — *John Martin* make Love in a violent Man-

ner. — Here's wicked Doings. — And *Judith Hoyden* with she might never be married;  
 — O sad! O sad! — And further, these  
 Deponents say not.

'Tis very well! Gentlemen, you must  
 go into the next Room, and send for your  
 Bail; for I am obliged to bind you all over.

[*Exeunt.*

Now will I go visit the Player-Woman,  
 for I profess I find my Inclination stirring.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Justice and Actress.*

*Actr.* This is surprising; I did not expect to have heard such Discourse from a Person of Gravity, and a Magistrate too! O fie upon it!

*Just.* A Magistrate! What then do you think I don't love a pretty Woman? Verily but I do: Ay, and I — Who can look upon those Bubbies, and not wish to — Ah, ah, give me one Kifs.

*Actr.* Oh! I swear I'll call out.

*Just.* If you do, adod I'll bind you over.  
 — One Kifs more. — Ah Rogue!

*Enter Bellm. Isab. and Thor. listening.*

*Bell.* Here's an old wanton Goat!

*Thor.* This is not the first private Examination of his.

*Actr.*

*Actr.* Well, I never met with any Thing so wicked.

*Just.* Nor I with any Thing so tempting:— Had not you better fling off this prophane Apparel, leave your scandalous Profession, be a Justice's House-keeper, go to Church once a Week, and live in good Reputation?

*Actr.* How can you be so wicked?

*Just.* Psha! you are a Fool; there's nothing wicked, but what is publick: 'Tis not the Sin, but the Knowledge of it, which distinguishes the Thief from the ——— But if every one were to wear his Conscience upon his Sleeve, I know what I know; marry, every Man would keep his Hands in his own Pockets, and cry, Stand clear, Brother.

*Actr.* This Opinion of every body's Wickedness is only a Proof of your own; for your Eyes being distemper'd, every Person seems yellow to you; which is not the Fault of the Object, but the foul Perspective you look through: You judge of Mankind from your own corrupt Mind, and draw Conclusions from base and rotten Principles.

*Just.* Psha! this is talking of nothing at all: What signifies a Pint of cool Reason, when a Man is fous'd over Head and Ears in a Hoghead of scalding-hot Love?

or chopping of Logick, when he's stark-mad to be kissing of Lips? I tell thee, Thou hast the worst Notions to thrive by, that are: The World is all a Cheat, and Virtue but a Disguise, which, 'tis true, should never be thrown off, but where a Man knows his Company: Do but devoutly cast your Eyes upwards, and 'tis no Matter where your Hands are, in Pocket or Placket.

*Actr.* If I should tell this!

*Just.* I would forswear it; and then, from our Characters, the World would believe it Malice. Od, you don't know me, I am a wicked old Dog —

*Actr.* So I perceive.

*Just.* Why, I have sent one Whore to the Work-House, when I have had another in my Closet at the same Time. But we must punish some for Examples, or else in a little Time the poor People wou'd be as wicked as their Betters.

*Bell.* Your humble Servant, Mr. *Justice*. — Nay, don't be startled, your Worship is a wicked old Dog.

*Just.* O the Devil! have they overheard all? Which way got you into my House?

*Bell.* By the help of a Disguise, and this honest Gentleman; I was brought in among  
the

the Players, and now come to demand my Wife's Fortune.

*Just.* What! have you married the Jade, then?

*Bell.* I have.

*Just.* The Devil do you good with her, then.

*Bell.* A very charitable Expression: But, Sir, to make short with you, I expect my Wife's Fortune to be paid down immediately, or I shall expose your Amours.

*Just.* I don't value your Spight; and since you have over-heard me, you know what you have to trust to: I can forswear it.

*Thor.* I know you are pretty hard-mouth'd upon Occasion; but here are four Witnesses, of which I am one, a Child of your own Teaching, a notable *Per-juror*, and I believe a Match for your Worship, swear as fast as you will.

*Just.* Ah Rogue! *Thorough-pace*, are you in the Confederacy too?

*Thor.* Diamonds cut Diamonds, that's all; I only serve my Client: Interest is my fundamental Principle, as well as your Worship's; and for that, I can swear as fast against you, as ever I did for you.

*Just.* O how wicked the World is grown! What is become of Honesty, when Rogues  
can't